BOSS IN THE CLOVER

Bull Fights at Home In Bucolic Neighborhoods

WAR IN PASTURES AND WOODS

Prance of America-Jefferson's Bull Voder Glass

The green valleys of the springtime come back to us as enchanted in our estumnal years, when the frosts stop the songs of the prophetic hatydids, his reasting ears backen, the apples mellow and the fish swim with the curate of the rivers.

pents of the rivers.

Is was many and many a year ago in a kingdom of the west—before Edgar Albas Pos had written Annabel Leothat the boys of a smiling land, half woods not half corn, heard there was war with Mexico, and Texas was to be ours. Some persons thought it wrong to go to war for Taxas, but Andrew Jackson was in favor of the ameuation of the Lone Star republic, and that annuered all objections.

We can hardly understand now, so for away then was the guit of Mexico, what a mystery was the Mississippi river, what tules came from the remote south of the monstrous atream, what an attraction it was to go on

what an attraction it was to go on steambents and ships bound for the halls of the Montesuma, how certain it was that the Mexicans were to be whipped, what a romance the history of the conquests of Hernando Cortes was and how familiar Gautemozin on

his bed of roses seemed. Our politicians builded wiser than they know when they gained imperial Texas the France of America on the American Mediterranean—and golden California. It was bad politics, perhaps, but good statesmanship, and the somber Jackson was wiser and greater

than the brilliant Clay. There was a chill on the air when letters came that told some of the boys were dead of camp fever on the Rio Grande, and others had been killed in battle with copper bullets. Some of the cripples came home from Mon-terey, and there was a poem written by Capt. Cutter who brought back the pistois of young Harry Clay, speared by the Mexican lancers, and gave them to his father at Lexington, and the poem begun:

On Buens Vista's bloody field, A soldier dying lay, His thoughts upon his happy home, Two thousand miles away."

The returning braves were stored with stories of the Spaniards, and the strange mingling of races in the lands of the sun, and the bull fights that



were as exciting as the battles that made us masters of the City of Mexico. But there was bull fighting without going abroad: the boys and the bulls of our own country were, as they are, foreigner at eren

This warfare goes on, and the journais are often supplied with news of the engagements that so diversify agrigultural experiences. Next to snake and bear stories the buil fights have an honored place in our literature. Bears are departing with the buffalo, and a fresh parrative of an old fashfoned encounter would be more charming if less flavored with the suspicion of antiquity. Still the number of our citizens who have stabled gigantie black bears to death just in time is remarkable. The graziles die

There was a time when hear stories were more important to newspapers than telegrams. The supply of anake stories holds out because the snakes, like great men, continue to sun themseives while shrinking from the public gune. The buil stories increase in general interest, largely owing to the irritable disposition of the Jersey breed. The Alderney cown seem to have all the good nature in the hard.

Rear the Jersey bull tenderly as you may, and when he gets big he goes bad, and he will gore his proud master with slacrity and deadly violence. It is commonplace to read that some old farmer food of cattle has met his fate at the horns and hoofs of his favorite butt, especially if he has been indulging his fancy for Jerseys. The informatten that the direct ducal descendant of Columbus was a breader of builts was an introduction that gave him the benefit of widespread sym-pathy, and it was sad indeed to hear that he had lost his fortune attempting to make buil fighting as popular an amusement in Paris as in Madrid. Why did he not try it in America?

Jue Jefferson has, as a farmer, had experiences with bulls and in an after-dinner speach gave a modest relation of an adventure that may be taben as typical. Joe's form was in New Jersey, where there was a great deal of gravel rather too near the surface, and gravel so situated that it desined both ways, into the ground and operard by capillary attraction. Jose had a great mishap, and he said: "It was when my Ablerney bull got into the granulause. There was nothing to stop him but the cactus. He tossed the flower pots right and left. Talk about the flowers that bloom in the spring, why I never saw such a wreck. and I am fully convinced that there is mothing that will stop a thoroughly well bred buil but a full beed South American eartes. I went down to look at the rules and the devastation that the Western Kingdom, in the midst of which there was a cluster of nice suffix sating black Hamburg graces houses, and all the roads were gracer

a't know anything finer than black abusy grapes for Alderney bulls, tend of mine who was shaffing use

A friend of mine who was chaffing me for my farming prochvities said: I see you've got in some confusion here. It hooks to me from seeing that gentleman there—that stranger in the greenhouse—that you're trying to raise early bulls under glass."

It is tolorably clear that this great mishap on the mady soil of New Jersey drove Jefferson to Buzzard's Bay, caused his amiable acquaintance with President Gleveland, and changed the current of history. Many things would have been very different if the Alderrey bull had not been attracted by black Hamburg grapes rather than to Mr. Jefferson himself. One of the curcuits of the average farmer is that he is personally supreme over the beasts of the field and the stable. He will caution others about his bull, but no for himthers about his bull, but as for him-



his own land, which, to the agricul-tural mind, is an additional exaspera-tion. Once in awhile there is a splen-did combat between a bull and a ram. One instance shows the uncertainty of

the fortunes of war.

A heavy ram with silky fleece and fine curling horns met an evil-minded bull in a clover field, and the attention of the two animals being called to each other, it became necessary to ascertain on the spot which was boss. The bull was a shade contemptuous, and yet did not like the independent way the ram looked at him and jumped stiff legged. instead of recognizing superior force and getting out of the way. The bull anorted, shook his head, placed his fore-feet widely apart, and put down his head so that his nose was in the clover blossoms. This seemed to the ram an invitation, and with a suiden rush and spring he butted the bull square between the eyes and knocked him down. It was all m down. It was almost another case of David and Golinth, and those were the pet names of the animals as long as they lived. Goliath got upon his feet with extreme astonishment and stum-bled away. Sheep were to him dreaded objects on the face of the landscape. He never hunted rams any more. David was boss and he knew it.

The literature of American bull fighting would be more voluminous if the choicest combats were not as a rule out of the regular range of reporters.
Only when a Texas steer breaks forth
in Manhattan, tackles the police, the
butchers and the newsboys, is justice done the entertainment.

The street tournaments are irregular. On the farm there is life close to nature. The fiercest struggles be-tween men and the alleged inferior animals are in the fields. The patient horse takes his beatings from his exseting master with little resentment, only once in awhile kicking him or running away with him, or with me bers of the family, scattering the har-ness and wheels. The solemn ram with eurling horns occasionally (as we have given an illustrative incident) rebels and plunges headlong against the common enemy. The boar is killed before he grows tusks to carve the lega of the farmer or his horse. The dog is the ally of the agriculturist, and is petted until he is suspected of illness, when he is massacred for a mad dog. Only the buil with daggers fitted to his Only the bull with daggers fitted to his head, hoofs like iron and a voice of thunder, really asserts himself habitually against the tyrant man, and goes roaring when he has on his mind vi-

sions of vengeance and destruction. There were many villages long ago (and a few now) situated in rich agricultural districts where poor people kept cows that were expected to pick up a living in the fence corners of the green lanes, and by excursions into the fields where they did not belong. There was generally a bull or two with the airs of superior creatures, and educated to take advantages. They were not enterprising as they ought to have been in fighting each other. "Town cattle" is the country name for the ma-randing herds, and the land owners regard them as a private menace and public wrong. For miles around one of the pretty towns whose cattle infest



THE TAIL CAME OFF.

the roads more than they do a thousand hills, the farmers' sons are watchful and wrathy, and when the town cattle are seen bent on errands of mischief, they are pelted with showers of atones, and dogs are turned upon them, and if there is stubborn resistance, pitchforks are used, until when the invaders disappear in a cloud of dust, there is a feeling that a battle has

Once it would have been a sad story for a fellow citizen elected to a western state legislature if he had introduced a bill to compel bulls and cows and all domestic animals to be kept within the owners' inclosures. Why, grocery-keeper, the blacksmith, the shoemaker, the school-teacher, the buckster, and all the widows keep cows! They have to have milk, do they not? What kind of a country would it be to deny the widow and the fatherless the comfort of a cow? There were, however, troubles that approached tragedles growing out of keeping cattle forced to pick up a dishonest living. They were expected when the grass grew dusty in the roads, and the cornstalles were tall and green, and the developing ears milky, just before "the frost was on the pumpkin and the folder in the shock," to break through the fences and help themselves.

Once upon a time in a cory valley in

and much woodland unfensed offered free food, there were cows that yielded milk that was repeatedly skinmed, and there was a tawny ball with ugly much what he did so he could have the earth and roar like a You, overthrow a fence when he liked, stand unabashed in the presence of days and hold up his head before farmers' sons in a hateful way, expressive not merely of aggres-sive independence, but of supercilious

There was a stout boy whose duty ! was to be a sentinel, keeping guard over his father's field to see that the town cattle did not damage the corn on the hillside that was exposed to in-vasion from a dense wood. The tawny tasion from a dense wood. The tawny bull with the agly eye and long tail had an increasing notion of hooking a rail or two from the fence and helping himself, making way for others. The boy was kept so busy by the aggressive brute that squirrel hunting and fishing were forbidden joys, and he became desperate. In spite of his vigilance mischlef was done, and he was scolded until impressed that the time was at hand when the use of firearms would be justified. The bull despised finger stones, and grew so sauey that when detected in stealing young earn would be justified. The bull despised finger stones, and grew so savey that when detected in stealing young earn he declined to run. The boy did not get seared at the bull; he got mad. He did not mean to be bullied by any beast, and prepared a spear of wood, the point hardened in the fire, Indian fashion, and also equipped himself with a aling and smooth pebbles from the brook, after the illustrious example of David. He was now on a war footof David. He was now on a war foot of David. He was now on a war footing for both long and short range. His ambition was to go forth armed with a horse pistol, but there had been fines levied for shooting cattle. Still there was no law against a boy providing himself with homemade weapons for self protection when his duty forced him into the society of savage

He found his enemy one afternoon on the top of a hill that sloped through a scrap of woodland adjacent to the de vastated corn and opened fire with the aling. The bull was not struck-for the aling is not a weapon exact in dis-charge—but only disturbed by the whizzing of the stones. Presently the boy resolved to settle the question of precedence then and there, for life was becoming a burden not worth carrying on the bull's terms, and taking the advantage of the down hill he made



"WHERE DID YOU GET TRAT?" rush with the Indian spear. When the bull felt his sides scratched he was surprised, and made off down the slope at a heavy trot, showing at the same time unmistakable independence. The boy charged again, encouraged by the steady though grumbling retreat of the enemy, and this time grasped the long my, and this time grasped the long tall of the marauder and gave it a desperate twist that increased the speed of the foe. The young farmer had traveled on a canal, and as he clung to the tail and passed on at a long lope between small trees quickly concluded to "anub" the bull, canal boat fashion, and quickening his run to the antimost leaved close to the animal and fashion, and quickening his run to the utmost leaped close to the animal, and with the long hair of the tail firmly in his grasp dashed beyond a slender but stiff ash, and the bull, now fully alarmed and running like a buffalo, was caught by his appendix, which twined about the ash and clung to the twined about the assume to report rough bark, and with a sharp report rough bark, and with a sharp report like the breaking of a rope the tail snapped and the buil with the bleeding stump curied like an inverted comma, bellowed with pain and did not pause in his headlong flight until he reached the village, a mile away, where his dilapidated condition was the wonder of all beholders. The conqueror, bearing the trophy of his power and canal boat science, hastened home and encountered his father, who asked with peremptory incredulity: asked with peremptory incredulity:
"Where did you get that?" "Get it."
said the hero, "why I got tired of that
brindle bull, and caught him and
pulled his tall off; that's all!" The old
farmer said: "Come, come, tell the
truth," and when the tall, still warm, was placed in his hands, amazement was on his countenance. The exact statement that followed did not disalstatement that followed did not dissipate the surprise, in which "the hired man" by that time participated, but the details were soon understood to be extraordinarily funny, and the incident was presently decorated until it became incredible, and so was spoiled, and has been distorted in its growth for half a century. The subsequent proceedings on the farm interested the brindle bull no more. He was humiliated. His pride seemed to depart from him and he sought other pastures. It is a proverb in the country that a stump tailed bull has a bad show for the pursuit of happiness, and will allow himself to be put upon. It is different with a hog: the more you cut his tail off the greater his confidence in himself, but hog fighting, though interesting does not rank in history with the buttles between boys and bulls. MURAT HALBIRAD

SECURED JUSTICE.

How a French Soldler Serured the Ap-It is usually possible to secure recogtion for real merit, but to accomplish this some ingenuity is required at times. A French writer tells a story of a French soldler (Chevert) who was sa modest as he was brave, but who



They're generanteed to give satisfaction, or money returned.

Think of the thorsands of hopeisse cases which must have been cured by Dr. Sage's Cararth Remotly, before its proprietors could be willing to say, as they do: "For any case of Catarrh, no centrer how bul, which we cannot cure, we'll pay \$500 com."

fult that he had waited for promotion

of a company in his regiment, but his solonel asked that the appointment be given to one of his proteges. Chevert went to Vernallies and obtained an audience with the minister of war. This official paid that he knew nothing about him.

"Very well," said Chevert, "simply write to my colonel and sak him to recommend some brave and skillful soldier for an important and difficult

Chevert found an appreciative friend in Marshal Saxe. The marshal heard some titled officers speaking of his friend Chevert.

"The fellow rose from the ranks,"

said one, contemptuously.

Saze turned to the speaker and said, severely: "Sir, I always esteemed Chevert; now that I learn from you that he rose from the ranks, I find that I owe him respect and admiration."—Youth's Companion.

She West After Another. A woman recently complained to the police that a fortune teller had swin-dled her out of a fifteen-dollar gold

"How did it happen?" asked the sergeant at the station. "I went to consult a clairvoyant about a-well, about a little affair in which I am interested, and she said: 'I must have some of your gold before I can work the charm. Well, the only gold I had about me was that ring, and, of course, I let her have it. She agreed to roturn it after; a few days, as soon as she had worked out what I wanted to know; but when I went there today I found she had moved and none of the neighbors knew where she had

"Well, why don't you consult an-other clairvoyant and get track of her?" asked the sergeant, sympathetic-

said the woman, brightening up and bidding the officer good day. "You police officers beat all for thinking of things. Indeed you do!"—Tid-Bits.

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